1: Burrows--211-222 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 192 Ifalik 1-18

"The following list contains mostly words of rather general application. Some more specific or technical bits of vocabulary, given in the text, are not repeated here: numerals, names of plants and animals, and of kinds of turtle meat under Geography (some of the commonest species are repeated below); names of the parts of canoe, house, and loom, and of stars (navigation), under Technology: kinship terms -- which have no exact English equivalents -- under Social Structure.

IFALIK TO ENGLISH

ai - you (2d person plural before verb)
al - sun
ăl - road
alax - talk, say, speak
aleal - spoon (of green coconut husk)
alus - god, demon
amann - finished
angi - wind
aramat - man, human being
aramatakaua - somebody
arot - finished
ăting - seine, fishing with seine

that all can share in them. A change in either the cultural or natural resources, indigenously or through contact, would soon alter this."

28: Spiro--46 (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 821, 177, 804 Ifalik

"The sky, is a physical object, in the shape of a dome, which meets the oceans at its extremities. The surface of the earth--land and ocean--is flat, and is bounded by the sky at its limits.

Though the world is bounded and the sky is a material, impermeable object, no native has reached these points. The chiefs asked me whether any American had ever reached north or south. That is, these terms do not serve merely as directional indicators, as they do for us, but they are actual physical places, which one reaches if one travels far enough. They also wished to know if any American airplane had ever flown to the sky. The Japanese had told them that they (the Japanese) had done so."

28: Spiro--62
177, 412

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians
Ifalik

"The natives all have steel knives, and never use wooden knives, nor had I ever seen a wooden knife previously. This is an interesting point for the student of acculturation with respect to differentials in the degree of acceptance and resistance of foreign objects. Despite the greater physical efficiency of the steel knife, the wooden one is used for this ceremony, and the small shell, rather than a steel knife, is still used to sever the baby's umbilicus. In other words, those areas of culture which are imbued with mysterious connotations, in which the element of danger and unpredictability are strong, are most resistant to acculturation. Whether this is a valid generalization for other cultures, I don't know, but there is no question of its applicability to Ifaluk."

28: Spiro--64-65
116, 755, 771, 787, 177

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-1-2
Ifalik

"This association of religion and medicine is found not only in the healing of individuals but also in the group or public ceremonies and rituals. The public ceremonies are all medicine ceremonies, in which medicine is made and consumed immediately as a prophylactic against future illness, and in which the alusemar are invoked to protect the people from illness. Though other Alus are involved, it is Tilitr that plays the important role in these ceremonies. Tilitr is difficult to conceptualize in terms of our two categories of alusemar, for he is really intermediate in rank between them, being neither in the pantheon, nor having ever been mortal. He lives in Fatuma, with the royal family of alus, but descends to Ifaluk frequently, particularly at the public ceremonies when he is invoked, and then returns to Aluelap to report to him. Tilitr, as has already

been indicated, is the patron saint of Ifaluk, protecting them from evil and from illness. (27)" [65]

"27. Tilitr predicted an American victory in the war. The natives, of course, knew of the war because of the airplanes which flew over-head, because the Japanese had told them of the war, and because Ifaluk young men had been on Yap during the American bombardment of the island. During the war Tilitr had told Arogeligar that the Americans would win, and that he (Tilitr) would assist them. He also had told him that the Americans were a fine people, that they had 'very fine head, very fine stomach,' and that the Ifaluk head and stomach were small, by comparison."

28: Spiro--75 [2]
116, 787, 821, 177

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-1-2
Ifalik

"We have already described in detail the rituals employed in healing. But divination is also used in healing, as well as in predicting the weather. Divination, called trip or bweng, is practiced by means of coconut strips, the configuration of the knots being interpreted as a predictive mechanism. (31)"

"31. [See following sheet for footnote 31.]"

"31. [Footnote pp. 75-76] One afternoon I saw Maroliger divining for a sick woman. I asked Tom what he was doing, and he replied that this was 'Katt', that is, he was playing cards. I didn't press the issue any further, assuming that Tom was reluctant to speak about the matter, and making a note to ask him about it at a later time. It was entirely accidental that I later learned what he had meant. In the latter part of November we had a few days of heavy wind, that the natives called a minor typhoon. Trees were blown down, the waves were coming on shore. Since there was little I could do, I spent a part of one afternoon playing 'solitaire.' While playing, Tom came to see how we were weathering the storm, and found me playing cards. Now previously Maroligar had seen Dr. Burrows playing, and after each hand Dr. Burrows would say, 'Good', or 'bad' [76] depending upon whether or not he had won, and Maroligar had interpreted this evaluation to mean that Dr. Burrows was divining for something. When Tom came that day, he told me that the people were very disturbed about the storm, and that he too was worried, and would be unable to sleep that night. But he insisted that I finish my game so that I could tell him whether the storm would continue or would abate. Wishing to put his mind at rest, I told him that the storm would stop. He sighed with relief, and was most happy, because Maroligar's divining by means of the coconut strips had predicted the same thing."

28: Spiro--105-106
116, 857, 524, 177

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians
Ifalik

"The number of games the children play is quite limited. Boys play a game, called kat, which is similar to checkers, and which was unquestionably brought from the Japanese on Yap by the young men who had worked there. The game is played by both boys and men, often a boy playing a man. A board is ruled into horizontal and vertical lines, about nine vertical and twelve horizontal. Each player has twelve pieces of coral or coconut midribs, with which he tries to 'capture' those of his opponent, by 'jumping'. One may jump in either direction, and the 'king' may traverse as great a distance as he wants. The winner, of course, is the one who captures all of his opponent's pieces. This game, it should be noted, is the only game in which there is a 'winner', and it is not native. The boys and young men play it with avidity, [106] often with great enthousiasm. This is true, also, of the card games that the young and old men, but not children play. Adults have no competitive games or sports either. The Japanese had taught them some card games, but they had no cards. We gave them a deck, and they played the game with great relish, often spending hours at a time at it. What is significant, of course, is that the culture provides no competitive games, in which one child is victorious over another."

28: Spiro--107-108 (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 857, 524, 177 Ifalik

"The children would play other games at various times. They would attempt to climb a tree or a stump, but if seen by adults, they would be stopped. They would [108] jump into the air, trying to touch their feet before they landed on the ground. They also had a game of tag, in which they would chase each other endlessly around an imaginary circle, screaming with pleasure until they would fall exhausted to the ground.

Another game was to stand facing each other, with the palms of their hands pushing against the palms of another, and then attempt to push the other from his spot. Singing and dancing were favorite pastimes, performed individually and in groups. We shall have more to say about the dancing in another connection. Their songs and dances were imitations of the adult songs and dances, there being none which are specifically for children. The children love to sing and were eager to learn the songs that I sung. Their favorite American song was 'Patsie Orie Arie Aye' which they (and the adults, too) asked me to sing whenever they saw me. Eventually they learned the tune and the chorus, so that they would sing it by themselves.

Both boys and girls would often play in the canoes, just climbing around them, or attempt to paddle them when they were in the water."

28: Spiro--128 [2] (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 831, 533, 177 Ifalik

"The young men were eager to learn of sexual practices in America, as were the adult informants. Women, when alone, are constantly singing bwarux. When the men make the statuettes which they sell to the ships, there is usually some kidding about the length of the penis. In one case Taualimen was carving a man with a long penis, and was about it every day. Otilivok one day, while this kidding was going on, went to a corner, and carved very diligently for a long time, finally coming back with a carved vagina, which he gave to Taualimen."

28: Spiro--128 [3] (1947-48) 1949 Woleaians
116, 291, 831, 827, 177 Ifalik

"Though the people are neither modest in dress nor in sexual practice, in terms of western standards, that is, they are actually quite puritanical. Any sexual reference or term, either anatomical or physiological, is completely taboo in mixed company.

As we have seen, a man does not even permit another man to see his genitals. And anyone would be horrified if a member of the opposite sex had seen him nude. (9)"

"9. The Japanese shocked the sensibilities of the Ifaluk by bathing in the nude. Women would run away if they saw the Japanese bathing, as they were shocked by their boldness."

29: Spiro--190 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 177 Ifalik-1 3

"Tarev is a man in his early forties, an only child of parents who are dead. He had not only had a normal childhood, but his early adulthood, too, had been most exemplary. He had been both a good husband and a good father. He had been industrious in his work and cooperative and generous--highly esteemed values in Ifaluk--in his normal social interaction. Furthermore he had been acclaimed as an expert fisherman and was recognized as a skilled carpenter. In short, Tarev had enjoyed a position of respect and prestige in his society. The onset of his disease was not insidious, but was most precipitate. Shortly before the outbreak of war in the Pacific he had been inducted by the Japanese into a labor gang on Yap, and after his return the natives became aware of drastic changes in his behavior. He would not work but would spend many hours in isolation, engaging in private and seemingly meaningless conversations, songs, and dances. At other times, however, he would become violent, accusing people of wanting to kill him, and would resort to violent means of defending himself against these putative attackers. In short, his behavior exhibited the characteristics of the paranoid schizophrenic. These sporadic outbursts became so frequent that his wife and her family were afraid to live with him--residence in Ifaluk is matrilocal--and Tarev was moved to his maternal home where, it was thought, his own family would have greater control over him. This was

the situation when we arrived in Ifaluk in July 1947. (6)

Exactly what the experiences of the natives in the labor gangs were we do not know. One thing is fairly certain, however; the natives were not treated with great respect. On the contrary! Their treatment was often harsh and brutal. Some of the men informed me that the Japanese overseers did not hesitate to employ physical punishment, such as whipping, to enforce their demands. This characteristic of Japanese behavior left a deep impression on the natives, and they experienced it from the very beginning of their induction. The Japanese patrol would come to the island and demand a certain number of adult males from the chiefs. Their arrogant manner in dealing with the chiefs--speaking from raised platforms, shouting at them, and even beating them if they did not respond with alacrity--evoked both hatred and anxiety from the people. The men who were inducted were exposed to this treatment for the duration of their work-period. For people who had lived all their lives in a culture in which nonaggression was a

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"6. The writer and Dr. Burrows studied this culture from July 1947 to February 1948, under a grant from the Pacific Science Board of the National Research Council, as members of the CIMA expedition (Coordinated Investigation of Micronesian Anthropology). Funds were made available by the Navy Department."

supreme value and in which the greatest emphasis is placed on 'good talk,' meaning kindliness in speech, the behavior of the Japanese constituted a profoundly disturbing experience. The natives know of no instance of this kind of malebush prior to the Japanese occupation; and since the occupation, the only cases of this type have been two men who had worked in the labor gangs--Tarev and one other. To the knowledge of the people no person who had not had this Japanese experience has ever become a victim of this disorder."

29: Spiro--195-196 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 177 Ifalik-17

"November 14, 1947. Maroligar woke me last night, very disturbed, saying that Tarev was 'tonight no good.' It seems that he had been doing some kind of private dance inside his house, and was disturbing others with the noise he was making. I proceeded with Maroligar to Tarev's house, pulled back the door mat, and saw that he was standing in the center of the house, his back to me, holding a large pole in his hand. When I called his name, he turned towards me, looked at me long, and then gave a sigh of relief--as if some heavy burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He ran towards me, as if he were a little boy, grabbed my hands in his, and smelled both palms deeply. He talked to me, but his speech was entirely unintelligible. I gave him a cigarette and told him to try to sleep. I waited outside his house for a half-hour and, satisfied that he was sleeping, returned to my tent. This morning, Maroligar informed me that after I had left last night, Tarev became aggressive and threw rocks at his 'mother.'

This morning I went to interview him. He looked very depressed and did not greet me with his usual warmth. Throughout the interview, he would put his face in his hands, as if he were trying to forget something. As the interview continued, he warmed up to the situation, but not with the same warmth and intensity that characterized the other interviews.

Q. Why did you dance last night?
A. I did nothing. I only held the pole.

Q. What did you do with the pole?
A. I took it for that white man.
Q. But why did you dance?
A. It was for the white man. He has something in his clothes.
Q. What does he have in his clothes?
A. Just as in the movies. [He had seen movies on Yap.]
Q. What?
A. I saw it in the movies and was imitating it.
Q. What did you see?
A. I saw it in the movies. Yesterday afternoon I made that pole.
Q. Why did you throw a stone at your mother?
A. Metagiso [her husband] had a knife and struck the stone with it. [196]
Q. Why did he do that?
A. I didn't like it. I was angry and threw the stone at my mother.
Q. Why didn't you like it?
A. He hit one knife on top of another.
Q. But why did you throw the stone?
A. I was afraid.
Q. Why?

A. I remember yesterday afternoon I took coconuts to drink, and Metagiso and my mother said they would kill me tonight. [He laughs.] Metagiso went fishing and the fire in the house had gone out. I went to Maroligar's house to get a light for my cigarette. [At this point Tom interrupted him, and they engaged in a heated argument, which I lost completely.] Someone called me and I woke up.

Q. Who called you?

A. No one. Metagiso came in in the late afternoon. Then something like fire came down, circled my house a few times, and finally settled on the tree.

Q. What was it?

A. It wasn't fire. It settled on the tree, then came to the ground and circled around.

Q. But what was it?

A. [He took a blade of grass, and showed me a piece about a quarter of an inch long.] It came inside the house, and the fire became larger, and then it became smaller--larger and smaller. Metagiso caught it in his fish net. He put it by the side of my house.

Q. Were you afraid of it?

A. No.

Q. Did you like it?

A. [He did not answer, but placed his hands in a prayer-like pose, and bent his head.]

Q. Did you like it?

A. No. I said to it, 'Good morning, master.'

Q. Where is it now?

A. I lifted the door mat and it went away. [He then pointed to swarms of small flying insects that were visible only in the rays of the sun shining through the doorway.] They were just like them--many, many.

Q. Did you dream last night?

A. No.

Q. Why did you do that dance?

A. The Americans danced in those clothes.

Q. What clothes?

A. People walked in those clothes.

Q. What kind of clothes were they? Like my clothes?

A. They were soldier clothes [uniforms]. What the soldiers did, I did.

Q. What did you do?

A. There were many soldiers. What they did, I did.

Q. Were you afraid of the soldiers?

A. I fought with one of the soldiers. He knifed me in my stomach and my head. I removed the knife. He gave me much money, but I did not keep it. I threw it away.

Q. But I don't see any wounds on you.

A. The knife came through my head and back. I pulled it through, rubbed the wound, and it disappeared.

Q. Where did the soldiers go?

A. The knife came through my head and back, so I pulled it out, rubbed the place, and the wound disappeared. Then another one came to fight me.

Q. Why did the soldiers want to fight you?

A. Because I was very bad. I drank wine, and then I began to shout and break things. So they came to fight me.

Q. Why did you drink so much and break things?

A. Those men did not like it. Four men came to fight me. They threw me to the ground and I began to bleed. Then they began to fight with me. They gave me money.

Q. What kind of soldiers were they?

A. American soldiers. I did an American dance.

Q. How do you feel now?

A. I am always happy, for a dance comes to me, just like the wind.

Q. Do you like the dance?

A. I like.

Q. Has the alus come to you lately?

A. He is in me now. He never goes away.

Q. Where is he in you?

A. In my stomach.

Q. Is it a male or female alus?

A. Male. Last night I dance. Last night I danced, and there was a typhoon, and a tidal wave. I wanted my mother to see.

Q. Really?

A. I was at the land of the alus when it came.

Q. Where is that place?

A. The ocean came on top of me in huge waves.

Q. Where is the land of the alus?

A. I saw that paper, and I understood. A man came to me; he did not talk bad to me, he talked good. So I did not go to the land of the alus.

Q. Where is the land of the alus?

A. It is like the movies. An American man came to me. He said, 'Do you have any copras?' 'I have no more.' 'Why?' 'We need the coconuts to eat here.' 'Then I'll kill you.' 'No, don't kill me.' 'I'm going to kill all the people here.' 'No, don't kill them.' 'I'll kill you.' So he killed me.

Q. Are you dead now?

A. No, he killed me, but I was revived. Four American men gave me some whiskey. I drank one glass, and then threw away the bottle. I finished four bottles. The men gave

me money, but I told my children, 'You take the money.'

As usual, we were interrupted. A school of fish was sighted, and the men called Tom to join them in launching the canoes."

29: Spiro--203-204 (1947-48) 1950 Woleaians
116, 159, 121, 177 Ifalik-1-2

"Tarev's cruel treatment at the hands of the Japanese was the first hostile experience he had encountered in his adult life. This experience was not only intrinsically alarming and frustrating but--what is even more important--it served to remobilize childhood traumata, reviving the anxieties, frustrations, and insecurities that until then had found cultural resolution. The result was psychosis, for the situation became overwhelming. To the first meaning of the cruelty--physical hurt--he could make no response: first, because the Japanese were the masters of the situation; and, second, because as a member of Ifaluk culture he was forced to inhibit his own aggression. To the [204] second meaning of the cruelty--the remobilization of his childhood traumata--there was no possible realistic--that is, cultural--response at all; for his culture had not provided for such a contingency. Since he could no longer live by means of his culture--'in his culturally constituted world,' to use Hallowell's phrase--he could live only by means of his own phantasies--his privately constituted world.

This theoretical analysis is substantiated by the facts. (24) As I stated earlier, the

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"24. Similarly, J. C. Carothers has shown that the incidence of 'mental derangement' among African natives is correlated with their living away from their native homes. See 'A Study of Mental Derangement in Africans, and an Attempt to Explain its Peculiarities, More Especially in Relation to the African Attitude to Life,' Psychiatry (1948) 11:47-85."

natives know of no instance of this kind of malebush prior to the Japanese occupation; and since the occupation, the only cases of this type have been two men who had worked in the labor gangs--Tarev and one other. To the knowledge of the people no person who had not had this Japanese experience has ever become a victim of this disorder. That other men did not break down under this pressure does not invalidate this analysis, for the same objection could be raised with respect to any population. All individuals in a given culture or subculture are exposed to the same or similar strains; certain of these personalities break down and others do not. The attempts to understand this differential threshold of frustration-tolerance has led investigators to the study of those biogenic and psychogenic factors that may be operative. What those factors might be in the case of Tarev and Aneitin are unknown since their case histories are unavailable."

35: Choris (Iles Radak)--17 (1817) 1822 Woleaians
116, 159, 177 Woleai

Kadou [LEM: A native of Woleai (Carolines) who had been shipwrecked on Aur] was not slow in getting used to us, and conducted himself like a true European. Being a natural mimic, he amused us a great deal. In a very little time he learned several Russian words, and as we had retained a large number of words from the Radak Islands, we came to understand each other.

He spoke a great deal about Oulea, his home-land, as well as adjacent islands, which we knew by the name of the Caroline Island archipelago. Kadou had travelled to all of them, even to the Pelew Islands. His accounts told us that his compatriots were hardy navigators, and often undertook long sea voyages.

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

whether they died in infancy (before they could walk) or later. The ninety-two women of childbearing age or older had had 255 children, of which 151 were still living. Of the 104 deaths, sixty were either stillbirths or infant deaths, which is a high infant mortality by modern Western standards, though probably lower than that of most of the crowded Oriental civilizations.

The menstrual history of every woman was public knowledge on Ifaluk because of the custom of retiring to the menstrual huts. Tufai for a woman, then, has the definite meaning that she has passed menopause, has completed her reproductive history. We got the reproductive history of twenty-eight of these elderly ladies. They had born a total of eighty children, or an average of 2.8 each. Eight of them had had no children; one of them had had ten; most had had two, three or four.

The Ifalukians, like most people who lack a written language or system of records, had amazing memories, and I think that our histories for these women are reasonably accurate. It is difficult to interpret them precisely, of course, because of our lack of data on movement to and away from the island, and the like. Clearly, however, the population is hardly maintaining itself. The Ifalukians loved children, seemed always to want children. I could not, however, get away from a suspicion that the low birth rate reflected some sort of deliberate contraceptive or control practice, beyond such conventional taboos as the prohibition of sexual intercourse during periods of fishing. The language problem, the delicacy of the subject and our reluctance to appear to be prying into personal matters, prevented us from getting any definite information.

The population question in the Pacific is a matter of general concern. All of the islands—Polynesian, Micronesian, Melanesian—showed a great decline in population through the 19th century. The islands had probably been almost free of contagious disease before the explorers, traders, whalers and other Westerners started roaming the Pacific, bringing smallpox, measles, venereal diseases, tuberculosis and the like along with them.

The consequences were devastating, and only in recent years have introduced medicine and sanitation started to counteract the effect of the introduced diseases. Until quite recently, I suspect that most cul-

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

tural changes brought by the West—changes in clothing, in housing, in diet, in customs—have tended to increase the disease problem rather than to alleviate it. But that is a pet peeve of mine.

The population history of Ifaluk itself is not clear. Counts by anthropologists during the period of German control showed populations of 281 in 1903 and 208 in 1909, with an estimate of 300 for 1914. The drop between the first two counts may be a result of the typhoon of 1907—not only direct mortality, but also emigration to other islands as a consequence of food shortage.

The older Ifalukians thought that more people had lived on the island formerly; and from their stories I got to thinking that the population might at some time have reached as much as 500. This was based on accounts of times when even coconuts were carefully shared and nothing was wasted. Abandoned household sites in the village areas might be evidence of some population decline and there were stories of an epidemic, soon after the Japanese appeared, when as many as a dozen people died in a day. This, clearly, was smallpox; and the Japanese started vaccination, which has been maintained by the American authorities.

The island, in 1953, was not overpopulated. The land surface of the atoll was about a half a square mile, so the population of 260 people would represent a density of about 520 persons per square mile: a rather dense population, but we must remember that the people of Ifaluk had also the resources of their lagoon and of the surrounding seas. Ifaluk seemed to me to represent an economy of abundance, and this probably in part explains the idyllic living conditions that prevailed. With more people, with the same resources and the same cultural equipment, life might have been more difficult and unpleasant.

The Ifalukians certainly seemed not only happy, but healthy. It is difficult to make exact comparisons between the Ifalukians and other people because of our uncertainty about precise ages, so that one is likely to be averaging fifteen-year-olds with thirty-year-olds. In general, however, the men seemed to be somewhat smaller and lighter than the American average. The tallest man of the island, Sepemal, was a half inch under six feet. The heaviest (Wolpaitig, the number

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

We picked up that word "boondock" in Guam, and very useful it proved to be. It became an important part of the Abbott-Bates vocabulary, and may well have also infected the Ifalukian speech. In Guam, it was used to refer to the wild tangle of miscellaneous vegetation that had taken over so much of the island after the disruption of the war.

The boondocks on Ifaluk were the parts of the atoll that were not clearly something else—that is, not coconut grove, not taro swamp, not household area. The boondocks were not exactly wild, because all sorts of useful things grew there, including planted coconuts and breadfruit trees. They were not exactly cultivated either. Such areas could thus hardly be called "jungle" or "scrub"; and "forest" seemed rather inappropriate. "Boondock" was just the word; though we could perhaps better have used the Ifalukian equivalent, niwel.

The boundary between the coconut grove and the boondocks was sharply defined: weeds and shrubs were kept cleared out of the coconuts only up to this definite line—the boondock line. This again roughly paralleled the lagoon shore, fifty or sixty yards in. We plotted it on our map, later, when the trail mapping seemed fairly well in hand.

The habitations, deep in the coconut grove and near the boondock line, were grouped into "households." The census showed that there were twenty-six such households on the atoll, eleven on the island of Falalap, and fifteen on Falarik. The Falarik households were not scattered evenly along the highway and lagoon, but formed two clusters or villages, one called Rauau, at the south end of the island—the Fan Nap was in the middle of this—and the other called "Falarik" (the address would probably be "Falarik, Falarik") with a gap of about a quarter of a mile along the broad highway between the two.

The whole system of land ownership of the island was built around these households, each of which had a name. Later in the summer we tried to map the holdings of one household, Falepenach. These holdings included not only the immediate vicinity of the living quarters, but also several patches of boondock and coconut grove on Falarik, and patches in the big taro swamp on Falalap. The patch arrangement seemed to provide that each household would "own" its share of each of the different kinds of land.

The households varied greatly in size, from one which included

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

side of the trail there was an open grove of high breadfruit trees and other plantings of the Falivelu household.

This trail by Katelu we called the "schoolhouse trail"—because it led directly to the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse was a thatched shed built in a large clearing exactly half way across the island. It had been put up in accordance with instructions, either from the Navy or the Trust Territory, and contained a blackboard and a supply of essential equipment like boxing gloves and basket balls. But how would one go about introducing schooling on Ifaluk? Or should one? The answer to this latter, surely, is "yes" because willy-nilly the Ifalukians must learn to deal with the outer world in these days when that world has become a small neighborhood, and even Ifaluk cannot be protected by its remoteness. But the question of how to introduce this schooling is a complex one for which perhaps no one has a clear answer.

At any rate, the schoolhouse was not used for educational purposes during the period of our stay, but it did have uses. The clearing was a handy place to locate the rain gauge, and the schoolhouse itself, with its open sides, seemed a good place for the regular measurements of shade temperature and humidity. So the area became our meteorological station.

On this south end of Falarik the coconut grove of the lagoon shore extended right around the tip of the island to the ocean side, enveloping the schoolhouse yard. The trail was straight and formal, however, only as far as the school; beyond it became a winding footpath leading through the coconuts to the ocean beach.

Except for this southern end and the long stretch of lagoon shore, Falarik was covered with boondocks. Coconuts grew all through these boondocks, and the principal forest tree was breadfruit. But there were a dozen other kinds of trees, and a thick underbrush of bushes and ferns—ferns everywhere. There were many swampy areas in the center of the island, but the land became slightly higher toward the ocean shore, the surface rough with coral boulders, culminating in a definite "boulder ridge" paralleling the ocean beach.

The beach on the ocean side was narrow, sloping rather steeply from this boulder ridge. Along most of the length of the island the beach, too, was covered with coral rocks, but there were also stretches of coral

Hawaiian sling spear, with the hand replacing the hollow bamboo grip. 000

Fish were not too plentiful and all were small. In a short time Bakal got four small surgeon fish of two species and a small bright-colored reef fish. None were over five inches long—which showed that small fish were not scorned as food. 136 [000]

Don had taken his Arbalete spear gun—a complicated and lethal weapon that had as yet hardly been tried. Yani borrowed it, and Don was greatly cheered to see him miss a couple of shots—Don had been feeling sheepish about his own misses. Presently there were loud shouts from Bakal and Yani. Yani, for fun, had shot a big moray eel with the Arbalete gun. (For fun because the Ifalukians do not eat moray eels. Ted explained this as a sort of pact: the Ifalukians did not eat morays or sharks, with the idea that the morays and sharks would reciprocate. The pact was occasionally violated by both the morays and the sharks.) 123 262 226 197 136

The spear was deep in the neck of the big eel, but the eel was still lively enough so that we did not dare try to bring it into the boat, and it was impossible to get it off the spear. So we rowed all the way home towing the speared moray behind the boat. After dragging the eel up on the beach, we managed to get the spear out. Don, Bakal and Yani then started out again, swimming, to try for more fish among the coral heads of the lagoon in front of the Fan Nap. 123 226

Don got a fine chance at a blue crevelley about a foot long, and hit him right through the middle. Just then, Yani swam up and pointed to a big moray eel completely out of the rocks and swimming rather feebly along the sandy bottom twelve feet below. The eel was partly on its side and seemed to be looking up at them. The thought flashed through Don's mind that some fool had thrown the speared moray back into the lagoon, and there it was, out for revenge.

They had just started to get themselves out of there when a big shark shot by—a huge, grey torpedo. It made a swift circle around Don, Yani and the eel. Yani shouted and thrashed the water with his hands and feet, at the same time making for the nearest coral head, yelling for Don to come. Don was close behind, still with the speared fish. They clambered onto the platform of coral, where they were standing in water about halfway up their thighs, Don holding

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the flies, and during the evening, to get away from the mosquitoes. Ted stuck to the Fan Nap for writing up his notes—but carefully protected with long trousers tied around the ankles, and with coils of Japanese "punk" burning to exorcise the mosquitoes. He had great faith in that burning punk.

We decided to start the plant collecting that afternoon, since the drying cabinet was ready. It was quite an expedition—Yani, Tony, Bakal, Don and me. The idea was to try to collect not only the plants, but information about them. Tony, as a Ulithi man, didn't know the local plant lore, but he was a good interpreter. Yani's English was rapidly gaining in fluency, however, and he and Don, particularly, were able to understand one another almost from the beginning without outside help. Yani did know the local plants—their names and their uses—and Don would jot down this information while I fussed with the plant press itself. Bakal, as usual, was general handy man.

The clean-up was continued next morning and pretty well finished by noon, when everyone on Falarik gathered on the lawn outside the Fan Nap for a communal meal. "Feast" is probably too strong a word for the meals that invariably followed any community activity. The food was lavish enough, contributed by all of the participating households, but it did not differ markedly from the everyday diet.

In this instance, Ted decided that the occasion was important enough for him to contribute one of the cases of corned beef that he had brought along for just such purposes. The canned beef was a greatly appreciated delicacy, called "carawao," which would seem to stem from the Spanish word for water-buffalo, carabao. Several Ifalukian words reflected Spain's dominance in the Carolines in the 19th century —the word "cat" for instance, which hardly differed from the Spanish gato.

The opened case of beef was put before Maroligar, the number two chief, but the distribution of the cans was carried out by Toroman, the number three chief, who always seemed to take over when there was anything to be divided among the island households. He called out the names of the households, tossing the cans to representatives of each; some cans were set aside for Falalap (which was having its own clean-up), and there was a small, separate pile for the chiefs.

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123 my necklace every third day, when it came my turn. Presently they were given necklaces, too, and then we could all be properly ornamented all the time!

123 177 Don kept on with the regular English lessons. He wrote a journal entry about one evening when Yani had brought a simple English reader from the school supplies and wanted to know the meanings of some of the words—believe, would, parade, party (that was easy), Halloween, conversation, as, think, exactly. Don felt he did nicely—all his teaching instincts came to the fore. He consulted me once or twice, but this obviously would lead only to an argument that would leave the English lesson suspended indefinitely—"exactly" was perfect for an Abbott-Bates argument. Its meaning could hardly be touched on without previous exploration of the nature of reality and the perceptions of the observer, and once this was started, "exactly" could never be reached again. So Yani got only the Abbott interpretations of meaning.

181 There seemed to be little trouble about the explanations, and this set Don to thinking about the nature of "savages." According to Ted, these people of Ifaluk had had the least contact with the West of any of the Pacific islanders—only the people of central New Guinea being comparable. Thus, by common Western standards, they would be classed as "savages"—in fact, as "naked savages." Yet, Don argued, these are really highly sophisticated people, so startlingly like Westerners that it was sometimes hard to remember that there were any differences at all. He was particularly impressed by their sense of humor, which [522] seemed to differ not at all from his own. They laughed at his jokes when they understood them, as he did at theirs. Humor that didn't cross the cultural barrier seemed to be associated either with the double meanings of language, or with cultural traits that were not shared. Don wrote these impressions in his journal—from which I am cribbing.

535 533 After the English session, we all went to watch dancing on Falalap. We took the BWUP and rowed over in the dark, settling down under the palms near a fire of dry coconut leaves. The women were sitting in a line, making slow movements of arms, torso and head to the pace of a slow, low-pitched song that mostly hung on one note, but oc-

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Polynesian and Micronesian—had to carry the precious young plants with them on their long canoe voyages to new islands.

The famous expedition of Captain Bligh with the BOUNTY had the purpose of bringing young breadfruit trees from Tahiti for establishment in the West Indies, where the planters thought it would be an ideal food for their African slaves. This first attempt at importing the tree was frustrated by the mutiny, but plants were successfully brought in on a subsequent voyage. Breadfruit, however, never became a staple in the West Indies. People do not adopt new foods easily (not even slaves), and where new staple foods have been adopted—as in the case of the potato in Ireland—it is generally because of overwhelming advantages. Breadfruit seems not to have demonstrated such advantages to any non-Pacific culture.

We went out one morning with Tom and a young man of his household to gather breadfruit. The man who was going to pick the fruit carried a large coil of rope and a long pole which had a short crosspiece firmly tied near one end. We followed him through a complex maze of boondock paths to a large breadfruit tree. He threw the coil of rope over the lowest branch (about twenty feet up) and pulled it out with his pole, so that the rope was hanging double from the branch.

With the aid of the rope he climbed easily up the trunk to this first branch, whence he could scramble to any part of the top of the tree. We watched him walk upright along one horizontal branch about thirty feet above the ground, using his long pole as a sort of balance after the fashion of acrobats. With the pole he was able to break off fruit easily in any part of the tree, allowing the fruit to fall to the ground. The bruising apparently did not matter, though the fruit to be used for food must be gathered before it is completely ripe, while the pulp is still white and mealy.

The fresh fruit is either baked or boiled, with many minor variations in ways of cooking. I didn't think much of it, no matter how cooked. It seemed no better or no worse than potatoes, palatable enough with meat gravy—but the Ifalukians didn't have meat gravy.

Breadfruit is the only food on Ifaluk that can be stored for any

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corpse is wrapped in seemingly endless coils of rope, weighted with stones, and taken out to sea for burial. The canoe used for this then cannot be touched for four days, four being in general the magic number on Ifaluk.

The alus, the spirits of the dead, are sometimes benevolent and sometimes malevolent, apparently depending on the character of the person from whom they came. The malevolent spirits cause all sorts of trouble, including most kinds of illness. Mel Spiro, in his psychological studies of the Ifalukians, found fear of alus to be dominating both consciously and subconsciously. We had no encounters with alus, but we didn't seek any, and the attitude toward alus of the young men who worked with us seemed to be largely ritual, but we did not try to probe into their psychology.

In theory the dances, then, were designed to please the alus, both the high gods and the ordinary spirits. The elaborate ur dances which required these endless nightly rehearsals, were surely for the high gods; but all of the alus, like all of the people, must have enjoyed them. The rehearsals finally ended in the big show, which was held on July 22nd, at midday in the schoolhouse clearing.

Don and I were off taking advantage of a low tide to work on profiles of the reef when a messenger came to tell us the dance was about to start. When we got there the men had already formed into a line along the north margin of the clearing. They were all dressed up, with bows of the ivory-like unfolded coconut leaves on arms and legs, with coconut-leaf skirts over loin-cloths, with necklaces of flowers and of the greenish-ivory coconut leaves, with garlands of flowers, and surmounting all, a block of pith over the forehead, wrapped in red paper and tinfoil (from cigarette packages) and bearing a cluster of tall white feathers (perhaps from the fairy terns; but more probably and prosaically from chickens). Faces were marked with red turmeric, a streak of red along the jawline, and dabs on the cheeks and arms.

They put on a fine show. Some of the pieces were songs or chants, with an accompaniment of stamping and clapping. Others involved more complicated gesturings and posturings. In one, two men standing with outstretched arms pantomimed man-of-war birds—tilting, soaring and gliding—while the rest knelt facing each other, chanting the